THE 7711 c.28

INSCRIPTION

Appointed to be fix'd on

A Marble Pillar

ERECTED AT

HOCHSTADT:

In MEMORY of That

Glorious Victory.

? Stepney (George)

The Latin Written by Mr. *STEPNY.* And Engliſh'd by a Gentleman of *OXON.*

To which are Added,

Some Merry Epigrams by way of Reverſe on the Motto's found upon the *French* Standards and Colours taken at the Battle, with a Poem call'd the Proceſſion on their being carried through the City of *London* in Triumph to *Weſtminſter-Hall.* As alſo an Epiſtle in Verſe to General *Churchil* and the Lord *Cutts* on their Share in the ſaid Victory.

LONDON:

Printed for *B. Bragg* at the *Blew-Ball* in *Ave-Mary-Lane.*

1705.

INSCRIPTION

A Marble Pillar

ERECTED AT

HOCHSTADT:

In MEMORY of That

Glorious Victory

THE

INSCRIPTION

Appointed to be fix'd on a

MARBLE PILLAR

ERECTED AT

Hochſtatdt, &c.

MONUMENTUM

ÆTernæ memoriæ Sacrum.

Anno M C CC IV. XIII die Auguſti

in hac Regione

Ingenti clade ſuſus eſt Exercitus Gallo-Bavarus,

Sub ductu

Emanuelis Electoris,

Comitumque de Tallard et Marſin,

quorum Secundus in prælio captus,

Cum XL Præfectis belli primariis IXC minoris Ordinis et XII. M. Gregariis.

præter deletos in Campo XIV. M.

et IV. M. in flumen præcipitatos.

Excercitui Victori cum immortali gloria Imperavit

hinc

hinc, pro Leopoldo Cæsare Eugenius è Sabaudia princeps,

illinc, Johannes Dux de Malborough Anglus,

Qui

sub Auspiciis Annæ Reginæ

Strenuum Militem

a Tamisi ad Danubium eduxerat

ut Germaniæ periclitanti Succurreret:

Quod

Junctis cum Ludovico Marchione Badensi copiis

Expugnato ad Donavertham monte

Vallo et aggere munitissimo

Summa cum fortitudine incepit:

et Post,

Conflictu inter Blentheim et Hochstadt

Pari constantiâ ac felicitate perfecit.

Erat adversa acies

Et numero, et loci situ Superior,

Neq; alius ad Victoriam patebat, quam per paludes aditus.

Sciant Fœderati Duces

Viam virtuti nullam Esse inviam

Discant Proceres

Conjurationem cum Patriæ hostibus rarò esse impunem:

Et agnoscat tandem Ludovicus XIV.

Neminem ante obitum debere aut felicem aut magnum prædicari.

Thus

Thus render'd into ENGLISH.

A Monument
Sacred to Eternal Memory.
On the 13th Day of *Auguſt* 1704.
In, and near this Place
Were put to Flight after an incredible Slaughter
The *French* and *Bavarian* Armies,
Under the Command
Of *Emanuel* the Elector,
And the two Counts of *Tallard* and *Marſin*,
The ſecond of which Generals was taken
Priſoner in the Battle ;
With XL others of the Firſt Rank,
CIX Officers of Leſſer Note,
And 12000 Common Soldiers.
Beſides 14000 put to the Sword in the Field of Battle,
And 4000 puſh'd into the *Danube*.
On the one Part Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* Commanded
The Victorious Army for *Leopold* the *Roman*
Emperour with Immortal Glory.
On the other,
John, Duke of *Marlborough*, an *Engliſhman*,
Who
Under the Happy Influence of his Miſtreſs, Queen *Anne*,
March'd at the Head of Her Brave Troops
Which he led from the *Rhine* to the *Danube*
To ſuccour *Germany*, that was reduc'd to the laſt Extremity,
Which He began to Accompliſh with the greateſt Courage,
In Conjunction with *Lewis* the Prince of *Baden*'s Army,
By taking the ſtrong Paſs and Mountain of *Donawaert*,
That ſeem'd Impregnable through its deep Intrenchments,
And afterwards brought to Perfection
With the ſame conſtancy of Mind, and Succeſs
In the Battle that was Fought here between *Blentheim* and *Hochſtadt*.
The Enemies Army
Had the Advantages of Numbers, and the Ground on their Side ;
Nor was there any other Paſſage to Victory
For the Confederates, than through Rivers and Moraſſes.
From hence the Princes of the Grand Alliance may know,
No Difficulty is unſurmountable to a Reſolute and Couragious Mind.
Rebellious Electors may learn
Conſpiracies with the Enemies of their Native Country
Go ſeldom unpuniſh'd;
And after all his boaſted Conqueſts, *Lewis* XIV.
Muſt at laſt confeſs,
That no Prince whatſoever ought to be cry'd up for being Great
And Happy
Before Death removes him beyond the Reach of Human Misfortunes.

Some Merry Epigrams by way of Reverſe on the Motto's found upon the *French* Standards, *&c.*

Nec Pluribus Impar.

LEwis this boaſted Motto now diſclaim,
Unequal not in Numbers but in Fame,
Within our Standards it ſhou'd only Shine,
And ill becomes thoſe Fugitives of Thine;
Since all Advantages thy Troops enjoy'd,
By Force Inferior Vanquiſh'd and Deſtroy'd.

Ingenito Solem Veneratur Amore.

THE *Lilly* by the Sun's warm Influence grows,
And gives that Orb its Sweets from whence it roſe;
But thine withdraw themſelves from Warmth and Heat,
Frozen and Chill'd ſince *Hochſtadt*'s baſe Retreat.

Jovis obruit Hoſtes.

IF Victory and Succeſs Heav'ns Bleſſing be,
Which are the Almighty's En'mies, *France* or We?
Religion in thy Colours only's ſeen,
But ſhines within the Breaſt of *England*'s Queen.

Victoria Pinget.

SHall Conqueſt thy Victorious Enſigns Paint?
Yes Prince, Our Conqueſt ſhall thoſe Enſigns taint,
The Bearers Blood makes this Inſcription plain,
And what before was White, now reddens with the Slain.

Arduus

Arduus ad ſolem. On the *Bavarian* Standard.

RAſh and Perfidious Duke, theſe Words diſown,
And thy Attempts to fill th' Imperial Throne,
Batts, and obſceneſt Birds may 'tempt the Skies,
But none but Eagles near the Sun can riſe.

Another on the ſame Subject.

THus *Icarus* too tow'ring in his Flight,
Attempted once to reach the Source of Light;
But ſent Precipitate from whence he came,
Periſh'd in VVaters, that would Live in Flame.

Alter Poſt Fulmina Terror.

ANother Conqueſt ſhall our laſt ſucceed,
And *France* elſewhere than on the *Danube* Bleed;
Contending Rivers ſhall reſound our Praiſe,
Eccho'd from the *Moſell*, the *Rhine* and *Maeſe*.

In Regnum per Pugnas.

'TIS own'd, the Battle by *Bavaria* Fought,
Into another's Kingdom has him brought,
Forc'd him from Lands in which he hop'd to Reign,
And made him Penſioner to *France* and *Spain*.

Pugnate pro Deo & Rege.

FIghting for God, *France* muſt deſert her Prince,
Since Tyrants to th' Almighty give Offence,

And they Synonimous can never be,
So Juſt the Godhead, and ſo Faithleſs He.

In Liliis Fortior.

THE *Lilly* may be grateful to the Noſe,
But there's more ſtrength of Sweetneſs in the *Roſe*;
Thus if great things to little we compare,
Lions than *Cocks* more Strong and Pow'rful are.

The PROCESSION.

THE Day was come, to Priſtine Times unknown,
That ſhould retrieve the Fame of *Brittain*'s Throne,
That ſhould Invite our Eyes with Foreign Spoils,
And with *Danubian* Trophies Crown Her Toils:
When *Anna*, who her Warriours Glory ſought,
Will'd we ſhould ſee the Prize for which they Fought.

And lo! Her Joyous Troops advancing bore
Thoſe Enſigns in their Hands Her En'mies wore,
Enſigns that from Remoteſt Lands confeſs'd,
Vain was the Unrighteous Tongue that had them Bleſs'd,
That promis'd them Succeſs in *Notredame*,
And ſhew'd *Noaills* and *Balaam* are the ſame,
While thro' *Auguſta*'s Streets, no more their own
French drooping *Lillies* were Erected ſhewn.

O *Marlborough*! Conſummate in Thy Praiſe,
That mak'ſt us loſe the Thoughts of *Edward*'s Days;
That drown'ſt their Memory in thy vaſt Eſteem,
And *Henry*'s now no longer *Albion*'s Theme;
Our Thanks accept of, though our Praiſe You ſhun,
And take our Hearts for what your Hands have won.

To Thee 'tis, *Albion* this Proceſſion owes,
To Thee an Empire's Safety from its Foes,
To Thee that *Belgia* her Bounds extends,
And *Lewis* fears his Downfall in his Friends,
Who falſly truſting in his vain Supports,
Degenerate to be Fed in Alien Courts;
To Thee, next *Anna*'s Providential Care,
We feel not the Effects of baleful War;
But at a diſtance hear of its Alarms,
Remote from Danger and Deſtructive Arms;
And tho' our Banners are abroad diſplay'd,
We feel no Warfare but when Troops are Paid.
Yet why ſo like a *Roman* could'ſt Thou Fight,
Induſtrious to avoid a *Roman*'s Right?
Is't not enough their Conqueſts Thine outdo,
But Thou muſt Vanquiſh 'em in Temper too?

High and Triumphantly they choſe to ride
With all the Pomp of Honour by their Side,

Their Priſoners to their gawdy Chariots Chain'd,
Follow'd by all the Spoils their Valour gain'd;
But Thou, fam'd Chief, more Generous and Brave,
Not only Born to Conquer, but to Save,
Preſerv'ſt the Captives *Romans* would Enſlave.
And Gracious to Diſtreſs, and Valour true,
Giv'ſt it, though render'd hapleſs, what's its due;
As Glorious Acts Imprint upon thy Mind
Thoughts of the Wrongs may fall on Humane Kind;
While *Tallard* every Senſe at Large regales,
And wants no Honours ſhewn him at *Verſailes*.
Thy Modeſty ſuch Cuſtoms cannot brook,
Thou on thy Trophies ſcarce would'ſt give a Look,
When others Carry'd what they never took.

Yet is't in vain Thou do'ſt our Praiſe Diſclaim,
Spight of Thy Self they'll Eternize Thy Name,
Deduce from Time to Time thy Martial Deed,
And ſpeak the Heroe that has *Europe* freed.
For other Princes let the Abby be,
Weſtminſter-Hall's a Monument for Thee.

To the Honourable

Charles Churchil, Esq,

General of FOOT,

And the Right Honourable *John* Lord *CUTTS*, Baron of *Gouram*, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, and Lieutenant-General in the late Glorious Victory obtain'd by Her Majesty's Forces between *Blentheim* and *Hockstadt*, under the Command of the Duke of *Marlborough* and themselves, the following Verses are humbly Dedicated by *A. Chaves.*

GReat Sirs, while *Marlborough's* Auspicious Name
Seems wholly to employ the Voice of Fame,
And every Muse most gratefully bestows
Her Praise on him to whom her Praise she owes,
Forgetful of the Glorious Chiefs should bear
A Part in Honour, as a Part in War,
Permit me to reveal an Awful Sense
Of the All-Powerful Works of Providence,
That to Perfection its Decrees has brought,
And *Europe's* Freedom by Your Conduct wrought.

The first of Causes, You the second made,
Empires to save, and ruin'd Nations Aid,
To deal Destruction round the Spoiler's Head,
And Captivate the Foe from Battle fled;
Fam'd *Cæsar's* Conduct we in Yours may find,
You came and saw, and they their Arms resign'd,
Struck with the Thoughts of their approaching Fate,
And Punishment that then o'ertook them late.

Let

Let *Blentheim* Witneſs how an Army ſhrunk,
Pale at the ſight of Swords with Slaughter Drunk!
How all their Ancient Victories, once their Boaſt,
In one Day's Glorious Defeat, were loſt!
How *Steinkirk*, *Landen*, *Huyrgen* and *Spires*,
To *Hockſtadt* ſeem'd like Stars to the Sun's dazling Fires!
Thouſands in them, it is confeſs'd, were Slain,
But here were Armies kill'd, and Armies ta'en,
As whole Brigades, and firm Battalions choſe
T'accept Your Mercy, not provoke Your Blows;
And thoſe who boaſted they'd no Quarter give,
Baſely Petition'd Quarter to receive.

O Heroes of Immortal Worth and Praiſe,
Whoſe Actions might Inſpire the meaneſt Lays;
Thou *Churchill* with the Wreaths of Honour Crown'd,
Both in thy Brother's Fame, and own renown'd;
And Thou Brave *Cutts*, the Champion of our Iſle,
Inur'd to Scars, and vers'd in Martial Toil,
Hear the Requeſt the Muſe to Heaven prefers,
And having ta'en Her Praiſes, take Her Prayers.

May Years to come return You like the laſt,
And future Bleſſings Crown our Bleſſings paſt;
May Fortune ſtill vvith Matchleſs Valour ſide,
Fame's Trumpet ceaſe to Wait on *Gallick* Pride;
May Safety when in Battle, Guard Your Heads,
And *England*'s Genius hover round Your Beds,
To *France* a Terror be Your Fam'd Repute,
A *Knowles* be *Churchill*; *Cutts* a *Montacute*;
That Wives may Still their Children with Your Names,
And You, like them, be Proverbs to their Dames,
While Ages yet unknown ſhall *Hochſtadt* read,
Loſt to no Times that ſhall theſe Times ſucceed.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 3. for *Rhine* read *Thames*.

8 48 MAY